

## MOTHERHOOD.

There is a fairy tale of Hans Andersen, in which a child, who was perfectly entranced, found it no less fascinating now that it was grown up, and, in addition, it carried illumination as to every problem.

Every shooting star, says the story, is a child's soul which falls into the heart of a flower, whence it is carried to the ends of the earth, and it is there, in the heart of a flower, where it comes to rest and dwells until it is a stick and leaves it to the home where it is to grow up to manhood or womanhood. In after years, the flower fades, in which the little soul was hidden, may be known by the disposition of the child—butterfly children will be sunshiny, violet children will be modest, the rose child, beautiful, tulip children, light, and poppy children, lazy—and, as the stream in which the little soul reamed, was muddy, that, too, may be traced in the temperament of the child, but if the stream was clear, there will be found a crystal soul.

Now this trace of the flower qualities and the moulds on limpid temperament, we call in low poetic language, heredity. Every day when a new baby comes, we see eyes on earth, some young mother says, "How can I combat that which is evil in my child, how can I bring out that which is good?"

Instinctively such women recognize that the most beautiful part of motherhood has to do with the moulding of the child, and the woman who forgets this, and who in after years walks over the degenerate son or wayward daughter, they inherited their faults—I was helped—has failed to exercise her power to make environment a counteracting influence to heredity, she has failed in the upbringing of her children because she did not have faith in her own will to do much to dare.

It is a dangerous thing to place too much emphasis on the faults of one's ancestors. Science has proved that disease is transmitted from one generation to another, it has proved that weakness of constitution is the almost inevitable result of the mating of two defective people, but it has not proved that the child handicapped by heredity is always a failure.

Every young mother with her new-born son, in her arm, can dedicate him to righteous manhood. She can dedicate her daughter to lovely womanhood. She can hold before her child and her children an ideal which must sway them to something higher than they would have known if their mother had been content with an innate or frivolous existence.

Every young mother must, however, make the mistake of the founding the abnormal child with the good child. Many over-conscientious parents expect of their children a goodness, a brilliancy, a personality which is not natural. That is, perhaps, why ministers' children are so often disappointing. They are expected to live up to an impossible standard. Perfection is demanded, and being human, they grow tired of trying to attain that which is beyond their reach. I remember the effect of the "Miss Dismore" stories on my childish imagination. Elsie was "too good to be true." I liked to read about her, but I never attempted to emulate her. She was grouped with a gallery of impossible heroes, with "Alice of the Wonderland" and "The White Cat." On the other hand, the March girls, "Little Women," were guides to the right way of living. I felt that I, too, might be a March girl, and I was content that I could surely follow in her footsteps, because it was not always in a conquering mood. Sometimes she failed, and that was human, but in the end, I do not see the best of the temper when I think of Amy's vanity, so natural, I could see the danger of it, and the foolishness, and I grew thoughtful and thoughtful.

There are three things which should form the magic trinity of the mother's desires for her child. Three things for which she should pray without ceasing: "Give my child self-control, temperance, courage." No man or woman can be a failure who has these. Yet foolish mothers wish for so many undesired things—talent, power, wealth, and so on—that they forget that their children may be beautiful, not knowing that power and beauty often bring agony to those who are endowed with them.

In the old fairy stories there was usually a wicked witch who came at the last moment to put upon the newborn child some spell of misfortune.

There is no need of a witch, but some mothers wear such an evil spell upon their own children when they say, "He is born with a temper—he must always have a temper. She was born with a weak will—she can never be strong." Yet, if behind that temper you place the power of your own gentleness, will not the default in your son be modified? If behind the weak will of your daughter you place a constant example of strength, will she not learn to stand alone? Let yourself right with the world, and your children shall "rise up and call you blessed."

The cowardice of mothers, the anger of mothers, the unworthy feelings of mothers, the worries and pettinesses of mothers, how these react on the children to whom the mother is imputing.

If you who read this had the opportunity to ask for your little baby three gifts, what would you demand? Think carefully before you answer, and answer truthfully. Do not say, "I want my son to be good," when you really mean that you want him to be successful. Do not say that you desire for your daughter that she should be beautiful, when deep down in the bottom of your heart you are hoping that she may reign as a belle.

The child is the product of your real ambition, not of that ambition which you express with the lips. If your heart yearns over him, if strength and courage and self-control are the things which you wish ardently for him, so ardently that you are willing to control your own moods and tempers, then your son will become if not perfect, at least nearer to your ideal than it swayed to other things by your desire for them.

In spite of the conventional belief, there are mothers who know nothing of the feeling of real motherhood. There are women to whom their children are burdens of care. Such women are through the benefit of the most wonderful part of it. They say: "Must I sacrifice myself for my children?" not knowing that such sacrifice furnishes to the true mother the keenest joy. The woman who drowns her daughter daily for her first dance, misses the meaning of life when she reminds of Fate. "Why should not I, too, be young and gay?" Just as the mother who is conscious of her son's devotion to some lovely girl misses the rapture of a renewal of her own romance.

The mother who lives over her own youth in the youth of her sons and daughters has none of the heartburnings and heartaches of the woman who sees her own girlhood slipping from her, who

years over the beauty that is fading, who sees life growing dreary and drearier, because its vivid interests have passed her by.

The wise mother grows happily towards grandmotherhood, knowing that in the children of her sons and her daughters she shall feel the joys that she herself will be Grandmother with a big "G," and she will rank second in importance to none.

Think of these things, you wisest little mothers with your little new babies in your arms. There are great things which will come only as you look forward with courage to the responsibilities which will be transformed into raptures, as your child develops towards the ideals which have been set for him.

## THE REIGN OF THE BLOUSE.

At the beginning of the season, everyone said that dresses and tops would again overshadow suits and blouses. In time has proven that they were mistaken. I am quite sure that the blouses of the new season will be more instrumental in making their voice. Personally, I know of numerous women who had intended to get along with last year's suits, and get only silk, serge and broadcloth dresses this winter, but after they saw the new blouses they were compelled to get suits to wear with the blouses—they simply could not resist them.

The "Princess" blouse is now only in the zenith of its vogue! And I am sure that its popularity will continue until spring, for it is as pretty when of a dark color, or of a soft, or of a light color, as it is of a fine white material. When of a dark silk, it nearly always has a white collar.

If fashion were not fickle, and if womanhood did not always yearn for something new, the "Princess" blouse, with its "Princess" collar, would be a lasting mode. Without a doubt it is the most artistic and truly feminine blouse ever created, as its soft, rolling collar gives a delightful softness to the face, and its dainty double frills make it a part of a costume, rather than a disconnected part.

Roberts' bow-neck blouse is quite like the "Princess" blouse, and yet looks very different. Its collar is formed by being edged with pleated ruffles. Its bow-neck, while a mere detail, makes it distinctive. Apparently the soft kerchief front is tied together at intervals with bows of velvet ribbon, but there are link buttons through which little strips of the velvet are run, which fasten with patent clasps on the under side—these make very secure fastenings, and also give smoothness to the blouse. They are also used to link the narrow turn-back cuffs together. And there is another reason for their ornamental effectiveness—they are generally of a color that strikes a beautiful harmony—deep rose bows on a plum-shade blouse, or a blood red on white, and so on. This blouse is also made with the narrow striped yoke and lobeless collar.

The "V-neck" blouse of satin or crepe, with a high stand-up collar, is a very different blouse. As you can readily imagine, it is generally of chiffon and is quite plain—it is built on a narrow shoulder yoke of the plain material, with the back and front accented pleated from there to the waistline. Its sleeves are the long, close-fitting type with clusters of stitched ruffles at intervals, below the elbow. And a lobeless collar of satin completes its simplicity. As this blouse will not endure the wear of a skirt, I think it should be of white chiffon, for no other material lends so much daintiness to its style.

Even the shoulder yoke has brought about another charming style—the "smocked" blouse. As this yoke has won so much favor, and as many women have been wearing all their blouses to have yokes, fashion simply had to revive smocking. The smocking is frontally in a pointed design around the yoke—the points extending downward. And a shadow lace band is added to break the severity.

The draped blouse follows in the foot steps of—rather was created to harmonize with—the skirt that is draped in the center of the front just below the knees. This blouse is most effective when of a plain material, and is especially in a pointed design around the yoke—the points extending downward. And a shadow lace band is added to break the severity.

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## A CELEBRATED MONASTERY.

## Highest Permanent Winter Habitation in the Alps.

(R. H. Parker, in the Manchester Guardian.)

The celebrated Hospice of St. Bernard is invisible both from the Swiss and the Italian side until a bend in the road brings you within a few yards of it. It was founded 900 years ago, but it does not appear to be quite certain whether the name is taken from Charlemagne's uncle Bernard, who marched an army into Italy in 773, or from the monk Bernard, who founded it nearly 200 years later; it is the highest permanent winter habitation in the Alps, the col, or top-most connecting ridge, where the monastery stands being 8,100 feet above the sea level. When we saw it lately repairs and further enlargements were proceeding, and a number of rough-looking Italian workmen were employed both inside and out. Moreover, it was a wet day, and the premises looked exceptionally gloomy and dirty. But inside all is discipline and order. No matter who rings the bell and at what hour, he or she is at once admitted and supplied with ample food and lodging. Not the slightest charge is made for anything, nor is the faintest hint given by anyone that a "tip," gratuity, or offering is expected. Local persons are aware, and all the guide-books inform tourists, that there is a box in the church for "offrandes pour l'Eglise." Mass was being said when I went in my contribution, and I had to wait down from the organ-box gallery among the worshippers in order to get at the box. I mentioned to the steward that it was carrying charity rather too far to place obstacles in the way of persons wishing to contribute. He said he had himself mentioned it to the "Père Aumonier," but that the good monk would not think of hanging the box in the salon or departing one jot from old custom.

When I first arrived, accompanied by a lady, the steward, a Frenchman, Father Almonier, was on the steps outside receiving some other guests. He said: "Katie, que vous venez d'arriver, quel plaisir de vous voir! (That was at four o'clock.) I asked him what was the ordinary eating-time; it was 6.30, and I said I would wait till then. He said the bedrooms were not ready yet, but asked us to wait in the organ-box gallery. He then led us into the salon, which was artificially heated. No further notice was taken of us or of anyone else; the priests came and went; the St. Bernard dogs prowled about all over the place, except one was free to go anywhere, except where doors were marked "Entrée interdite." We inspected the church and the "Bibliothèque," and then, for 25 francs, we were taken to the dormitory. The dormitory was a long, narrow room, with two rows of beds, and a small stove at each end. The beds were made up with clean white sheets, and the pillows were of a soft, downy material. The room was very comfortable, and the steward said that it was the best of the kind in the Alps.

There was an hour's wait for dinner. It was too cold and wet to hang about outside, so we sat in the organ-box gallery, and the steward came and asked us to wait in the organ-box gallery. He then led us into the salon, which was artificially heated. No further notice was taken of us or of anyone else; the priests came and went; the St. Bernard dogs prowled about all over the place, except one was free to go anywhere, except where doors were marked "Entrée interdite." We inspected the church and the "Bibliothèque," and then, for 25 francs, we were taken to the dormitory. The dormitory was a long, narrow room, with two rows of beds, and a small stove at each end. The beds were made up with clean white sheets, and the pillows were of a soft, downy material. The room was very comfortable, and the steward said that it was the best of the kind in the Alps.

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future exploitation of such inferior lands, and in addition Mongolia is a step in her show, but careless progress toward the East.

Tartary as a name has disappeared from the maps where Mongolia, the possession of which is now to be contested, is the only remnant of that great but short-lived empire which was founded in the 13th century by Genghis Khan and at one time spread over most of Asia and part of Europe. The Turkish invasion was not one phase of this astonishing movement, and the partition of Turkey in the west comes at the same time with the partition of Mongolia in the East. Turkey has held out a little better than most of the Mongol empire, largely by reaching the Mediterranean and establishing sea power and relations with the western civilization, which is now destroying it. The Asiatic empire, at one time so colossal, quickly crumbled because it had no solid foundations. It was based on conquest and the Mongols while mighty warriors and not lacking in genius of various sorts, had not the gift needed for building a great permanent empire. They achieved some splendid things, including an architecture equal to any but the Greek, its finest flower being the Taj Mahal and its most ambitious creation the great buildings about the public square at Samarkand, which Lord Curzon has rated above the group about the piazza of St. Mark in Venice. As a conquest the reign of the Mongols, or Moors, as they were known in Persia and India, was even more wonderful than the career of Alexander the Great, and as fruitless. Probably destiny was against them from the start; over so great an inland area divided by wide and almost impassable deserts, a much more firmly welded empire could hardly have held together the connections which a railroad affords. As the great railroad builder of Asia, Gustavus has a better chance.

It is a matter of curious interest that the people whom Russia is now preparing to absorb include the descendants of the very people of whose exodus in 1271 De Quincey gave so thrilling an account in his "Flight of a Tartar Tribe." These nomads had grown tired of Chinese rule and had migrated to the region about Afghanistan north of the Caucasus. But finding this position, bounded by Russian, Persians and Turks, increasingly unpleasant, they determined to return to China. The Russians tried in vain to dissuade them, and then came that amazing flight of 20,000 people, men, women and children, with their herds of burden and family possessions, across the great deserts of Asia, pursued by cavalry who show pitilessly at every stage, were making havoc among the survivors who, perishing with thirst, had waded into a lake where the pursuing horsemen followed, when a Chinese army appeared to defend and avenged the Mongols, who once more submitted to Chinese sovereignty. Now Russia, by steady encroachments, has crossed the nomad's land and now again threatens the same tribe which has so often changed masters. Reports are conflicting, apparently the majority of the Mongolians prefer to remain under the rule of China, and probably they are wise; it is a milder and less meddling sovereignty.

On the map the Chinese empire still makes an imposing figure, but recent events threaten its future. Russia and Japan have come to an agreement, by which they are to support each other's claims in Mongolia and Manchuria, respectively. And England, which has lately left it to liberal newspapers to criticize the Russian atrocities in Persia, is so greatly exercised over the severe measures adopted by a Chinese expedition to Tibet that she has taken action to bring about a similar separation of the two empires from the Chinese empire. The Russian motives are good, but in franker moments it is confessed that England by the punitive expedition to Lhasa has extorted a very satisfactory treaty with Tibet which might have been allowed to remain in its ancient sovereignty. The fact is that the Chinese giant has slumbered a little too long, and the world is beginning to wake up. The Chinese empire, which used to be amply protected by mountain and desert, have been given too lax a rein, and every attempt to strengthen her hold on them is treated by interfering neighbors as an outrage. Russia only 30 years ago butchered 20,000 men, women and children in the sack of one town in Turkestan, but Russia now figures absurdly as the defender of the liberties of the Mongolians, while England is trying to keep China from exercising such sovereignty in Tibet as England has in India. Under such conditions the fate of the Chinese empire can hardly be foreseen; China can afford to let it go if her own integrity is spared.

There was an hour's wait for dinner. It was too cold and wet to hang about outside, so we sat in the organ-box gallery, and the steward came and asked us to wait in the organ-box gallery. He then led us into the salon, which was artificially heated. No further notice was taken of us or of anyone else; the priests came and went; the St. Bernard dogs prowled about all over the place, except one was free to go anywhere, except where doors were marked "Entrée interdite." We inspected the church and the "Bibliothèque," and then, for 25 francs, we were taken to the dormitory. The dormitory was a long, narrow room, with two rows of beds, and a small stove at each end. The beds were made up with clean white sheets, and the pillows were of a soft, downy material. The room was very comfortable, and the steward said that it was the best of the kind in the Alps.

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